THE

Garland

OF

Good-will.

Divided into Three parts, containing many pleasant *SONGS*, and pretty *POEMS* to sundry new *NOTES*.
With a *TABLE* to find the Names of all the SONGS. Written by *I. D.*

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A Mournful Ditty on the Death of *Rosamond*, King *Henry* the Second's Concubine.

To the Tune of, *When flying Fame.*

When as King Henry rul'd this Land,
the second of that Name;
Besides the Queen he dearly lov'd,
a fair and Princely Dame:
Most Peerless was her beauty found,
her favour and her Face,
A sweeter Creature in this world,
did never Prince embrace.

Her crisped Locks like threads of Gold,
appear'd to each mans sight,
Her comely Eyes like Orient Pearls,
did cast a heavenly light:
The blood within her Christial Cheeks,
did such a colour drive,
As though the Lilly and the Rose,
for Mastership did strive.

Fea Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
her named was called so;
To whom Dame Elinor our Queen,
was known a mortal Foe:
The King therefore for her defence,
against the furious Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a Bower,
the like was never seen.

Most curiously this Bower was built,
of Stone and Timber strong;
An hundred and fifty Doors,
did to this Bower belong:
And they so cunningly contriv'd,
with turnings round about,
That none (but with a Clew of Thread)
could enter in or out.

And for his Love and Ladies sake,
that was so fair and bright;
The keeping of this Bower he gave,
unto a gallant Knight:
But Fortune that doth often frown,
where she before did smile;
The Kings delight and Ladies joy,
full soon she did beguile.

For why the Kings ungracious Son,
whom he did high advance;

Against

Against his Father raised War,
within the Realm of France:
But yet before our comely King,
the English Land forsook,
Of Rosamond his Lady fair,
his farewel thus he took.

My Rosamond, the only Rose
that pleaseth best my eye;
The fairest Rose in all the world,
to feed my Fantasie:
The Flower of my affected heart,
whose sweetness doth excell;
My Royal Rose, a thousand times,
I bid thee now farewel.

For I must leave my fairest Flower,
my sweetest Rose a space;
And cross the Seas to famous France,
proud Rebels to abase:
But yet my Rose be sure thou shalt,
my comming shortly see;
And in my heart whilst hence I am,
I'le bear my Rose with me.

When Rosamond that Lady bright,
did hear the King say so,
The sorrow of her grieved heart,

her outward looks did show,
And from her clear and christial Eyes,
the tears gush'd out apace,
Which like the Silver Pearled Dew,
ran down her comely face.

Her Lips like to the Coral red,
did wax both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceiv'd,
her vital Spirits did fail:
So falling down all in a swound,
before King Henries face,
Full oft betwixt his Princely arms,
her Corps he did embrace.

And twenty times with watry eyes,
he kist her tender Cheeks,
Until he had receiv'd again,
her senses mild and meek:
Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose,
the King did ever say,
Because, quoth she, to bloody Wars,
my Lord must part away.

But sith your Grace in Forreign Coasts,
among your Foes unkind;
Must go to hazard life and limb,
why should I stay behind?

Nay, rather let me like a Page,
your Shield and Target bear,
That on my Breast the blow may light,
that should annoy you there.

Oh let me in your Royal Tent,
prepare your bed at night,
And with sweet Herbs refresh your Grace,
at your return from Fight:
So I your presence may enjoy,
no toyl I will refuse,
But wanting you my life is death,
which doth true Love abuse.

Content thy self my dearest Love,
thy rest at home shall be;
In Englands sweet and pleasant Soyl,
for travel fits not thee:
Fair Ladies brook not bloody Mars,
sweet Peace their pleasure breed;
The nourisher of hearts content,
which Fancy first did feed.

My Rose in Woodstock-Bower shall rest,
with Musick's sweet delight;
While I amongst the piercing Pikes,
against my Foes do Fight:
My Rose in Robes of Pearl and Gold,

with

with Diamonds richly dight,
Shall dance the Galliard of my Love,
while I my Foes do smite.

And you Sir Thomas whom I truſt,
to be my Loves defence;
Be careful of my gallant Role,
when I am parted hence:
And therewithal he fetcht a ſigh,
as though his heart would break,
And Roſamond for very grief,
not one plain word could ſpeak.

For at their parting well they might,
in heart be grieved ſore;
After that day fair Roſamond,
the King did ſee no more:
For when his Grace had paſt the Seas,
and into France was gone,
Queen Elinor with envious heart,
to Woodſtock came anon.

And forth ſhe call'd this truſty Knight,
which kept this curious Bower,
Who with his Clew of twined thread,
came from that famous Flower:
And when that they had wounded him,
the Queen his Thred did get,

And

And came where Lady Rosamond,
was like an Angel set.

But when the Queen with stedfast eyes,
beheld her heavenly face,
She was amazed in her mind,
at her exceeding Grace:
Cast off thy Robes from thee, she said,
that rich and costly be;
And drink thee up this deadly Draught,
which I have brought for thee.

But presently upon her knees,
sweet Rosamond did fall:
And pardon of the Queen she crav'd,
for her offences all:
Take pitty on my Youthful Years,
fair Rosamond did cry:
And let me not with poyson strong,
enforced be to die.

I will renounce my sinful life,
and in a Cloyster bide,
Or else be banisht if you please,
to range the world so wide:
And for the fault that I have done,
though I was forc'd thereto,
Preserve my life, and punish me,
as you think fit to do.

And with these words her Lilly hands,
she wrung full often there;
And down along her comely Cheeks,
proceeded many a tear:
But nothing could this furious Queen,
therewith appeased be;
The Cup of deadly Poyson fill'd,
as she sat on her knee.

She gave this comely Dame to drink,
who took it from her hand,
And from her bended knees arose,
and on her Feet did stand:
And casting up her eyes to Heaven,
she did for mercy call;
And drinking up this Poyson strong,
her life she lost withal.

But when that death through every Limb,
had done his greatest spight;
Yet chiefest Foes did plain confess,
she was a Glorious Wight:
Yet Body then they did Entomb,
when life was fled away;
At Godstow, near to Oxford town,
as may be seen this day.

FINIS.

2.

A new Sonnet, containing the Lamentation of *Shore's* Wife, who was ſometimes Concubine to King *Edward* the Fourth; ſetting forth her great Fall, and withal her moſt miſerable and wretched end.

To the Tune of, *The Hunt is up.*

LIſten fair Ladies,
Unto my miſery,
That liv'd late, in pompous State,
moſt delightfully:
And now to Fortunes fair Diſſimulation,
Brought in cruel and uncouth Plagues,
moſt pitiouſly.

Shore's Wife I am,
So known by Name,
And at the Flower-de-luce in Cheapſide,
was my dwelling:
The only Daughter of a wealthy Merchant-man
Againſt whoſe counſel evermore,
I was rebelling.

Young was I lov'd,
No action mov'd,
My heart or mind, to give or yield,
to their conſenting:

My

My Parents thinking strictly for to wed me,
Forcing me to take that which caused
my repenting.

Then being wedded,
I was quickly tempted,
My beauty caused many Gallants
to salute me:
The King commanded, I straight obeyed,
For his chiefest Jewel then
he did repute me.

Bravely was I trained,
Like a Queen I reigned,
And poor mens Suits
by me was obtained:
In all the Court, to none was such great report,
As unto me, though now in scorn,
I be disdained.

When the King died,
My grief was tried,
From the Court I was expelled,
with despight:
The Duke of Glocester being Lord Protector,
Took away my Goods, against
all Law and right.

And a Procession, For

For my transgression,
Bare-footed he made me go:
for to shame me,
A Cross before me there was carried plainly,
As a pennance to my former life,
for to tame me.

Then through London,
Being thus undone,
The Lord Protector published
a Proclamation:
On pain of death, I should not be harbour'd,
Which further more encreas'd my sorrow,
and vexation.

I that had plenty,
and Dishes dainty,
Most sumptuously brought to my Board,
at my pleasure:
Being full poor, from door to door,
I beg my Bread with Clack and Wish,
at my leisure.

My rich attire,
By fortunes ire,
To rotten Rags and nakedness,
they are beaten:
My Body soft, which the King embrac'd oft,

With

With Vermine vile annoy'd,
and eat on.

On Stalls and Stones,
Did lye my Bones,
That wonted was in Bed of Down,
to be plac't:
And you see, my finest Pillows be,
Of stinking Straw, with Dirt and Dung
thus disgrac'd.

Wherefore fair Ladies,
With your sweet Babies,
My grievous fall bear in your mind,
and behold me:
How strange a thing, that the Love of a King,
Should come to dye under a Stall,
as I told ye.

FINIS.

3.

A new Sonnet of *Edgar* King of *England*, how he was deceived of a Lady which he loved, by a Knight of his own Court.

To be sung in the old way, or else to the Tune of, *Lebandalashot*.

When as King Edgar did govern this Land
a down, a down, down, down, down

And

And in the ſtrength of his years did ſtand,
call him down a:
Such praiſe was ſpread of a Gallant Dame,
Which did through England carry great fame;
And ſhe a Lady of high degree,
The Earl of Devonſhire's Daughter was ſhe.
The King which lately had buried the Queen,
And not long time a Widdower had been;
Hearing this praiſe of a gallant Maid,
Upon her Beauty his Love he laid:
And in his ſight he would often ſay,
I will ſend for that Lady gay:
Yea, I will ſend for this Lady bright,
Which is my treaſure and delight:
Whoſe Beauty, like to Phœbus Beams,
Doth gliſter through all Chriſtian Realms;
Then to himſelf he would reply,
Saying, how fond a Prince am I,
To caſt my love ſo baſe and low,
Upon a Girl I do not know?
King Edgar will his fancy frame,
To love ſome Peerleſs Princely Dame;
The Daughter of a Royal King,
That may a dainty Dowry bring;
Whoſe matchleſs Beauty brought in place,
Fay Eſtrilds Colour clean diſgrace:
But ſenſeleſs Man, what do I mean,
Upon a broken Reed to lean?

O what fond fiery did me move,
Thus to abuse my dearest Love!
Whose Visage grac'd with heavenly hue,
Doth Hellens honour quite subdue:
The glory of her beautious pride,
Sweet Estrilds favour doth deride;
Then pardon my unseemly speech,
Dear Love and Lady, I beseech:
For I my thoughts will henceforth frame,
To spread the honour of thy Name:
Then unto him he call'd a Knight,
Which was most trusty in his sight;
And unto him thus he did say,
To Earl Orgator, go thy way:
Where ask for Estrilds comely Dame,
Whose beauty went so far by fame:
And if you find her comely Grace,
As fame did spread in every place:
Then tell her Father, she shall be
By Crowned Queen, if she agree.
The Knight in Message did proceed,
And into Devonshire went with speed:
But when he saw the Lady bright,
He was so ravisht at her sight;
That nothing could his passion move,
Except he might obtain her Love:
For day and night while there he staid,
He courted still this peerless Maid:

And

And in his Suit he shew'd such skill,
That at the length he gain'd her Good-will:
Forgetting quite the Duty though,
Which he unto the King did owe.
Then coming home unto his Grace,
He told him with dissembling face;
That those Reports were to blame,
That so advanc'd the Maidens Name:
For I assure your Grace, said he,
She is as other Women be:
Her Beauty of such great Report,
No better then the Common sort;
And far unmeet in every thing,
To meet with such a Noble King:
But though her face be nothing fair,
Yet rich she is her Fathers Heir;
Perhaps some Lord of high degree,
Would very fain her Husband be:
Then if your Grace would give consent,
I would my self be well content:
The Damsel for my Wife to take,
For her great Lands and Livings sake;
The King (whom thus he did deceive)
Incontinent did give him leave;
For on that point he did not stand,
For why, he had no need of Land:
Then being glad, he went away,
And wedded straight this Lady gay:

The fairest Creature bearing life,
Had this false Knight unto his wife;
And by that match of high degree,
An Earl soon after that was he.
E're he long time had Married been,
That many had her Beauty seen;
Her praise was spread both far and near,
The King again thereof did hear:
Who then in heart did plainly prove,
He was betrayed of his Love;
Though therefore he was vexed sore,
Yet seem'd he not to grieve therefore;
But kept his countenance good and kind,
As though he bare no grudge in mind.
But on a day it came to pass,
When as the King full merry was;
To Ethlewood in sport he said,
I muse what cheer there should be made;
If to thy house I should resort,
A night or two for Princely sport:
Whereat the Earl shew'd countenance glad,
Though in his heart he was full sad;
Saying, your Grace shall welcome be,
If so your Grace will honour me.
When as the day appointed was,
Before the King did thither pass,
The Earl before-hand did prepare,
The Kings coming to declare:

And with a countenance passing grim,
He call'd his Lady unto him,
Saying with sad and heavy chear,
I pray you when the King comes here,
Sweet Lady as you tender me,
Let your attire but homely be:
Nor wash not thou thy Angels face,
But so thy Beauty clean disgrace;
Thereto thy gesture so apply.
It may seem loathsome to the eye;
For if the King should there behold,
Thy glorious Beauty so extol'd;
Then shall my life soon shortned be,
For my deserts and treachery.
When to thy Father first I came,
Though I did not declare the same,
Yet was I put in trust to bring,
The joyful tydings to the King:
Who for thy glorious beauty seen,
Did think of thee to make his Queen:
But when I had thy person found,
Thy beauty gave me such a wound,
No rest nor comfort could I take,
Till you, sweet Love, my grief did slake:
And that though Duty charged me,
Most faithful to my Lord to be;
Yet Love, upon the other side,
Bid for my self I should provide:

Then for my suit and service shown,
At length I won you for my own;
And for my Love in Wedlock spent,
Your choice you need no whit repent:
Then since my grief I have exprest,
Sweet Lady grant me my request:
Good words she gave, with smiling chear,
Musing of that which she did hear;
And casting many things in mind,
Great fault therewith she seem'd to find;
But in her self she thought it shame,
To make that foul, which God did frame:
Most costly Robes full rich therefore,
In bravest sort that day she wore;
Doing all that e're she might,
To set her beauty forth to sight:
And her best skill in every thing,
She shew'd to entertain the King.
Wherefore the King so snared was,
That reason quite from him did pass:
His heart by her was set on fire,
He had to her a great desire:
And for the looks he gave her then,
For every look she shewed him ten.
Wherefore the King perceived plain,
His Love and looks were not in vain;
Upon a time it chanced so,
The King he would a Hunting go:

And

And as they through a wood did ride,
The Earl on Horse-back by his side:
For so the story telleth plain,
That with a shaft the Earl was slain:
So that when he had lost his life,
He took the Lady unto wife;
Who Married her, all harm to shun,
By whom he did beget a Son:
Thus he that did the King deceive,
Did by desert his death receive:
Then to conclude and make an end,
Be true and faithful to thy friend.

FINIS.

4.

How *Coventry* was made free by *Godina*, Countess of *Chester*.

To the Tune of, *Prince* Arthur *died at* Ludlow.

LEofricus that Noble Earl,
of Chester as I read,
Did for the City of Coventry,
many a Noble deed:
Great Privilidges for the town,
this Noble man did get;
And of all things did make it so,
That they Tole-free did sit:
Save only that for Horses still,

and did some Custom pay,
Which was great Charges unto the town,
full long and many a day:
Wherefore his wife Godina fair,
did of the Earl request;
That therefore he would make it free,
as well as all the rest:
So when she long had sued,
her purpose to obtain;
Her Noble Lord at length she took,
within a pleasant vein:
And unto him with smiling chear,
she did forthwith proceed;
Entreating greatly that he would,
perform that Godly deed.
You move me much, my fair, (quoth he)
your suit I fain would shun;
But what will you perform and do,
to have this matter done?
Why, any thing my Lord (quoth she)
you will with reason crave;
I will perform it with good will,
if I my wish might have:
If thou wilt grant the thing, he said,
what I shall now require;
As soon as it is finished,
thou shalt have thy desire:
Command what you think good, my Lord,

I will thereto agree;
On this Condition, that the town
for ever may be free:
If thou thy Cloaths strip off,
and here lay them down;
And at Noon-day on Horse-back ride,
stark naked through the the town:
They shall be free for evermore,
if thou wilt not do so;
Your Liberty then now they have,
I never will bestow.
The Lady at this strange demand,
was much abasht in mind;
And yet for to fulfil this thing,
she never a whit repin'd:
Wherefore to all Officers
of the town she sent;
That they perceiving her good will,
which for the weal was bent:
That on the day that she should ride,
all persons through the town,
Should keep their Houses, shut their Doors,
and clap their windows down:
So that no Creature young or old,
should in the Streets be seen;
Till she had ridden all about,
throughout the City clean:
And when the day of Riding came,

no

no person did her see,
Saving her Lord, after which time,
the town was ever set free.

FINIS.

5.

How the Dukes Daughter of *Cornwal* being Married unto King *Locrin*, was by him put away; and a strange Lady, whom he better Loved, he Married and made her his Queen; and how his Wife was avenged.

To the Tune of, *In Creete.*

WHen Humber in his wrathful rage,
King Albanack in field had slain,
Those bloody broils for to asswage,
King Locrin then apply'd his pain;
And with a Host of Brittans stout,
At length he found King Humber out.

At vantage great he met him then,
and with his Host beset him so;
That he destroy'd his warlike men,
and Humbers power did overthrow:
And Humber which for fear did flye,
Leapt into a River desperately.

And

And being drown'd in the Deep,
he left a Lady there alive,
Which sadly did lament and weep,
for fear they should her life deprive,
But by her face that was so fair,
The King was caught in Cupids snare.

He took this Lady to his Love,
who secretly did keep her still;
So that the Queen did quickly prove,
the King did bear her small good-will:
Which though by wedlock late begun,
He had by her a gallant Son.

Queen Guendoline was griev'd in mind,
to see the King was altered so;
At length the cause she chanc'd to find,
which brought her to most bitter woe:
For Estrild was his joy (God-wot)
By whom a Daughter he begot.

The Duke of Cornwal being dead,
the Father of that gallant Queen;
The King with Lust being overlaid,
his lawful wife he cast off clean:
Who with her dear and tender Son,
For succour did in Cornwal run.

Then Locrin Crowned Estrild hight,
and made of her his lawful wife;
With her which was his hearts delight,
he thought to lead his life:
Thus Guendoline, as one forlorn,
Did hold her wretched life in scorn.

But when the Cornish men did know,
the great abuse she did endure,
With her a number great did go,
which she by Prayers did procure:
In Battel then they Marcht along,
For to redress this grievous wrong.

And near a River called Store,
the King with all his Host she met,
Where both the Armies fought full sore,
but yet the Queen the Field did get:
Yet e're they did the Conquest gain,
The King was with an Arrow slain.

Then Guendoline did take in hand,
until her Son was come to age,
The Government of all the Land,
but first her fury to allwage:
She did command her Souldirs wild,
To drown both Estrild and her Child.

In-

Incontinent then they did bring,
fair Estrild to the River side;
And Sabrine, Daughter to a King,
whom Guendoline could not abide:
Who being bound together fast,
Into the River there was cast.

And ever since that running stream,
wherein the Ladies drowned were,
Is called Savern through the Realm,
because that Sabrine died there:
Thus they that did to lewdness bend,
Were brought unto a woful end.

FINIS.

6.

A Song of Queen *Isabel*, Wife to King *Edward* the Second; how by the *Spencers* she was constrained secretly to go out of *England* with her eldest Son, Prince *Edward*, to seek for succour in *France*, and what happened unto her in her Journey.

PRoud were the Spencers, and of condition ill,
All England and the King likewise,
they ruled at their will:
And many Lords and Nobles of the Land,

Through

Though their occasions lost their lives,
and none did them withstand:
And at the last they did encrease much grief,
Between the King and Isabel,
his Queen and faithful wife:
So that her life she dreaded wondrous sore,
And cast within her secret thoughts,
some present help therefore.

That she requests with countenance grave and sage,
That she to Thomas Beckets Tomb,
might go on Pilgrimage:
Then being joyful to have that happy chance,
Her Son and she took Ship with speed,
and sailed into France:
And Royally she was received then,
By the King and all the rest,
of Peers and Noblemen:
And unto him at last she did express,
The cause of her Arrival there,
her cause and heavinesse.

When as her Brother her grief did understand,
He gave her leave to gather men,
throughout his famous Land:
And made a promise to Aid her evermore,
As oft as she should stand in need
of Gold and Silver store:

But

But when indeed she did require the same,
He was as far from doing it,
as when she thither came;
And did proclaim, whilst matters were so,
That none on pain of death should go,
to aid the English Queen.

This alteration did greatly grieve the Queen,
That down along her comely face,
the bitter tears were seen:
When she perceiv'd her friends forsook her so,
She knew not for her safety,
which way to turn or go:
But through good hap at last she then decreed,
To seek in fruitful Germany,
some succour to this need:
And to Sir John Henault then went she,
Who entertain'd this woful Queen,
with great solemnity.

And with great sorrow to him she then com-plain'd,
Of all her grief and Injuries,
which she of late sustain'd:
So that with weeping she dim'd her Princely sight
The sum whereof did greatly grieve
that Noble Courteous Knight:
Who made an oath he would her Champion be,
And in her Quarrel spend his Blood,

from

from wrong to let her free:
And all my friends with whom I may prevail,
Shall help for to advance your state,
whose truth no time shall fail.

And in his promise most faithful he was found,
And many Lords of great account,
was in his Voyage bound;
So setting forward with a goodly train,
At length, through Gods special Grace,
into England they came.
At Harwich then, when they were ashore,
Of English Lords and Barrons bold,
there came to her great store:
Which did rejoyce the Queens afflicted heart,
That English Lords in such sort,
came for to take her part.

When as King Edward hereof did understand,
How that the Quæn with such a power,
was entred on his Land:
And how his Nobles were gone to take her part
He fled from London presently,
even with a heavy heart:
And with the Spencers unto Bristol go,
To fortifie that gallant town;
great cost he did bestow:
Leaving behind to govern London town,

The

The stout Bishop of Exeter,
whose pride was soon pull'd down.

The Mayor of London, with Citizens great store
The Bishop and the Spencers both,
in heart they did abhor;
Therefore they took him without fear or dread,
And at the Standard in Cheapside,
they smote off his head:
Unto the Queen then this Message they sent,
The City of London was
at her Commandment;
Wherefore the Queen with all her company,
Did straight to Bristol march amain,
whereas the King did lie.

Then she Besieg'd the City round about,
Threatning sharp and cruel Death,
to those that were so stout;
Wherefore the Townsmen, their Children, and
Did yield the City to the Queen. (their wives;
for safeguard of their lives:
Where was took, the story plain doth tell,
Sir Hugh Spencer, and with him,
the Earl Arundel:
This judgement just the Nobles did set down,
They should be drawn and hanged both,
in sight of Bristol Town;

Then was King Edward in the Castle there,
And Hugh Spencer still with him,
in dread and deadly fear;
And being prepar'd from thence to sail away,
The winds were found contrary,
they were enforc'd to stay:
But at last Sir John Beamount Knight,
Did bring his Sailing Ship to shore,
and so did stay their Flight:
And so these men were taken speedily,
And brought as Prisoners to the Queen,
which did in Bristol lie.

The Queen by counsel of the Lords and Barons bold,
To Barkely sent the King,
there to be kept in hold:
And young Hugh Spencer that did much ill pro-cure,
Was to the Marshal of the Host,
sent unto keeping sure:
And then the Queen to Hereford took her way,
With all her warlike Company,
which late in Bristol lay:
And here behold how Spencer was
From town to town, even as the Queen
to Hereford did pass.

Upon a Jade which they by chance had found,
Young Spencer mounted was,

with

with legs and hands fast bound:
A writing paper along as he did go,
Upon his head he had to wear,
which did his treason show:
And to deride this Traytor lewd and ill,
Certain men with Reeden pipes,
did blow before him still;
Thus was he led along in every place,
While many people did rejoyce,
to see his strange disgrace.

When unto Hereford our Noble Queen was come,
she did assemble all the Lords,
and Knights both all and some;
And in their presence young Spencer judgement had
To be both hang'd and quartered,
his treasons were so bad:
Then was the King deposed of his Crown,
from Rule and Princely Dignity,
the Lords did cast him down;
And in his life his Son both wise and sage,
Was Crown'd King of fair England,
at fifteen years of age.

FINIS.

7.

A Song of the baniſhment of the two Dukes, of *Hereford* and *Norfolk*.

TWo Noble Dukes of great Renown,
that long had lived in Fame;
Through hateful envy were caſt down,
and brought to ſudden ſhame:
The Duke of Hereford was the one,
a prudent Prince and wiſe;
'Gainſt whom ſuch malice there was ſhown,
which ſoon in ſight did riſe.

The Duke of Norfolk moſt untrue,
declared unto the King,
The Duke of Hereford greatly grew,
in hatred of each thing:
Which by his Grace was acted ſtill,
againſt both high and low,
How he had a traytorous will,
his State to overthrow.

The Duke of Hereford then in haſte,
was ſent for to the King;
And by the Lords in order plac'd,
examin'd of each thing:
Who being guiltleſs of this crime,
which was againſt him laid,
The Duke of Norfolk at that time,

theſe

these words unto him said.

How can'st thou with a shameless face,
deny a truth so stout;
And here before his Royal Grace,
so fally face it out?
Did not these wicked treasons pass,
when we together were;
How that the King unworthy was,
the Royal Crown to bear?

Wherefore my gracious Lord, quoth he,
and you his Noble Peers;
To whom I wish long life to be,
with many happy years:
I do pronounce before you all,
this treacherous Lord that's here,
A traytor to our Noble King,
as time shall shew it clear.

The Duke of Hereford hearing that,
in mind was grieved much;
And did return this answer flat,
which did Duke Norfolk touch:
The term of traytor, truthless Duke,
in scorn and great disdain;
With flat defiance to thy face,
I do return again.

And therefore if it pleafe your Grace,
to grant me leave (quoth he)
To Combat with my known Foe,
that here accufeth me:
I do not doubt but plainly prove,
that like a perjur'd Knight,
He hath moft falfly fought my fhame,
againft all truth and right.

The King did grant this juft requeft,
and did therewith agree;
At Coventry in Auguft next,
this Combat fought fhould be:
The Dukes on fturdy Steeds full ftout,
in Coats of Steel moft bright;
With Spears in Refts, did enter Lifts,
this Combat fierce to fight.

The King then caft his Warden down,
commanding them to ftay;
And with his Lords he counfel took,
to ftint that mortal fray:
At length unto thefe Noble Dukes,
the King of Heraulds came,
And unto them with lofty fpeech,
this Sentence did proclaim.

Sir Henry Bullingbrook, this day,

the

the Duke of Hereford here,
And Thomas Maubry, Norfolk Duke,
so valiant did appear:
And having in honourable sort,
repaired to this place,
Our Noble King for special cause,
hath altered thus the case.

First Henry Duke of Hereford,
e're fifteen days be past,
Shall part the Realm on pain of death,
while ten years space doth last:
And Thomas Duke of Norfolk thou,
that hath begun this strife,
And therefore no good proof can bring,
I say for term of life.

By judgement of our Soveraign Lord,
which now in place doth stand,
For evermore I banish thee,
out of thy Native Land:
Charging thee on pain of death,
when fifteen days are past,
Thou never tread on English ground,
so long as life doth last.

Thus were they sworn before the King,
e're they did further pass,

The one should never come in place,
whereas the other was;
Then both the Dukes with heavy hearts,
was parted presently;
Their uncouth streams of froward chance,
of Foreign Lands to try.

The Duke of Norfolk coming then,
where he should Shipping take;
The bitter tears fell down his cheeks,
and thus his moan did make:
Now let me sigh and sob my fill,
e're I from hence depart;
That inward pangs, with speed may burst,
my sore afflicted heart.

Ah cursed man! whose loathed life
is held so much in scorn,
Whose Company is clean despis'd,
and left as one forlorn:
Now take thy leave and last adieu,
of this thy Country dear;
Which never more thou must behold,
nor yet approach it near.

How happy should I account my self,
if death my heart had torn;
That I might have my Bones Entomb'd,

where

where I was bred and born:
Or that by Neptunes wrathful rage,
I might be prest to dye:
Whilst that sweet Englands pleasant banks,
did stand before mine eye.

How sweet a scent hath English ground,
within my senses now?
How fair unto my outward sight,
seems every Branch and Bough:
The fields and flowers, the trees and stones,
seem such unto my mind;
That in all other Countries sure,
the like I shall never find.

O that the Sun with shining face,
would stay his steed by strength;
That this same day might stretched be,
to twenty years in length:
And that the true perfoyned Tyde,
their hasty course would stay;
That Eolus would never yield,
to bear me hence away.

That by the fountain of my eyes,
the fields might watered be;
That I might grave my grievous Plaints,
upon each springing tree:

But

But time I see with Eagles wings,
so swift doth flie away;
And dusky Clouds begin to dim,
the brightness of the day.

The fatal hour it draweth on,
the winds and tydes agree;
And now sweet England overloon,
I must depart from thee:
The Marriners have hoised Sails,
and call to catch me in;
And now in woful heart I feel,
my torments to begin.

Wherefore farewel for evermore,
sweet England unto thee;
But farewel all my Friends, which I
again shall never see:
And England here I kiss thy ground,
upon my bended knee,
Whereby to shew to all the world,
how dearly I love thee.

This being said, away he went,
as Fortune did him guide,
And at the length with grief of heart,
in Venice there he dy'd:
The Noble Duke in doleful sort,

did

did lead his life in France,
And at the last, the mighty Lord
did him full high advance.

The Lord of England afterwards,
did send for him again;
While that King Richard at the Wars,
in Ireland did remain:
Who brought the vile and great abuse,
which through his deeds did spring;
Deposed was, and then the Duke
was truly Crowned King.

FINIS.

8.

The noble Acts of *Arthur* of the Round Table.

To the Tune of, *Flying Fame.*

WHen Arthur first in Court began,
and was approved King;
By force of Arms great Victories won,
and conquest home did bring:
Then into Brittain straight he came,
where fifty good and able
Knights, then repaired unto him,
which were of the Round Table.

And

And many Justs and Turnaments,
before them that were drest,
Where valiant Knights did then excel,
and far surmount the rest:
But one Sir Lancelot du lake,
who was approved well,
Ye in his fights and deeds of arms,
all others did excell.
When he had rested him a while,
to play, to game, and sport,
Ye thought he would to try himself,
in some adventurous sort:
Ye armed rode in Forrest wide,
and met a Damsel fair,
Who told him of adventures great,
whereto he gave good ear:
Why should I not, quoth Lancelot tho,
for that cause I came hither,
Thou seem'st (quoth she) a Knight right good,
and I will bring thee thither:
Whereas the mighty King doth dwell,
that now is of great fame,
Therefore tell me what Knight thou art,
and then what is your Name.
My name is Lancelot du Lake,
quoth she, it likes me than,
Here dwells a Knight, that never was,
e're matcht with any man:

Who has in prison three score Knights,
and four that he has wound:
Knights of King Arthurs Court they be,
and of his Table-Round:
He brought him to a River-side,
and also to a tree,
Whereon a Copper Bason hung,
his fellows Shields to see:
He struck so hard the Bason broke,
when Tarquin heard the sound,
He drove a Horse before him straight,
whereon a Knight lay bound:
Sir Knight, then said Sir Lancelot tho,
bring me that Horse-load hither;
And lay him down and let him rest,
we'l try our force together:
And as I understand thou hast,
so far as thou art able;
Done great despite and shame,
unto the Knights of the Round Table.
If thou be of the Table Round,
(quoth Tarquin speedily)
Both thee, and all thy fellowship,
I utterly defie:
That's overmuch, quoth Lancelot tho,
defend thee by and by;
They put their Spurs unto their Steeds,
and each at other flye.

They couch their Spears, and Horses ran,
as though there had been thunder;
And each struck them amidst the shield,
wherewith they broke in sunder:
Their Horses backs brake under them,
the Knights were both astonʼd,
To void their Horses they made great hacke,
to light upon the ground:
They took them to their Shields full fast,
thier Swords they drew out then;
With mighty strokes most eagerly,
each one at other ran:
They wounded were, and bled full sore,
for breath they both did stand;
And leaning on their Swords a while,
quoth Tarquin, hold thy hand,
And tell to me what I shall ask;
say on quoth Lancelot, tho,
Thou art quoth Tarquin, the best Knight
that ever I did know:
And like a Knight that I did hate,
so that thou he not he;
I will deliver all the rest,
and eke accord with thee:
That is well said, quoth Lancelot then,
but sith it must be so;
What is the Knight thou hatest so,
I pray thee to me shew.

His Name is Sir Lancelot du Lake,
he slew my Brother dear;
Him I suspect of all the rest,
I would I had him here:
Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknown,
I am Lancelot du Luke,
Now Knight of Arthurs Table Round,
King Hauds Son of Suewake:
And I desire thee, do thy worst,
Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho,
One of us two shall end our lives,
before that we do go:
If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
then welcome shalt thou be;
Wherefore see thou thy self defend,
for now I thee defie.
They buckled together so,
like two wild Boars rushing;
And with their Swords and Shields they ran,
at one another flashing:
The ground besprinkled was with Blood,
Tarquin began to faint:
For he gave back, and bore his Shield
so low, he did repent:
Then soon spied Sir Lancelot tho,
he leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him down upon his knee,
and rushing off his Helm:

And then he struck his Neck in two,
and when he had done so;
From prison, threescore Knights and four,
Lancelot delivered tho.

FINIS.

9.

A Song in Praise of Women, To a pleasant new Tune: called, *My Vallentine.*

AMongst all other things,
that God hath made beneath the Sky;
Most glorious to satisfie the curious eye,
of mortal men withal:
The sight of Eve,
Did soonest fit his fancy,
Whose courtesie and amity most speedily,
had caught his heart in thrall:
Whom he did love so dear,
As plainly doth appear,
He made her Queen of all the world,
and Mistris of his heart;
Though afterwards she wrought his woe,
his death and deadly smart.

What need I speak
Of matters passed long ago,
Which all men know, I need not shew, to high or low,
the

the cale it is so plain,
Although that Eve committed then so great,
E're she went hence:
A recompence in defence,
she made mankind again:
For by her blessed Seed,
we are Redeem'd indeed,
Why should not then, all mortal men,
esteem of women well?
And love their wives, even as their lives,
as nature doth compel.

A vertuous Wife
The Scripture doth commend, and say,
That night and day, she is a stray, from all decay;
to keep her Husband still,
She useth not
To give her self a wandring,
Or flattering, or prating, or any thing,
to do her Neighbour ill:
But all her mind is bent,
his Pleasures is content;
Her faithful love, doth not remove,
for any Storm or grief:
Then is not he, well blest think ye,
that meets with such a Wife?
But now methinks,

I hear some men do say to me,
Few such there be, in each degree, and quality,
at this day to be found;
And now adays,
Some men do set their whole delight,
Both day and night, with all despite, to brawl and fight,
their rage did so abound:
But sure I think and say,
here comes no such to day;
Nor do I know of any she,
that is within that place,
And yet for fear, I dare swear,
it is so hard a case:
But to conclude,
For Maids, and wives, and Virgins all,
Both great or small, in Bower or Hall, to pray I shall,
so long as life doth last;
That they may live,
With hearts content, and perfect peace,
That joys increase, may never cease, till death release,
the care that crept so fast:
For beauty doth me blind,
To have them all in mind,
Even for her sake, that doth us make,
so merry to be seen:
The glory of the Female kind,
I mean our Noble Queen.

FINIS.

10.

A Song in praise of a single Life.
To the Tune of, *The Ghosts hearse.*

SOme do write of bloody wars,
Some do shew the several jars,
'twixt men through envy raised,
Some in praise of Princes write,
Some set their whole delight,
to her fair Beauty blazed:
Some other persons are mov'd,
for to praise where they are lov'd:
And let lovers praise beauty as they will,
other ways I am intended;
True Love is little regarded,
And often goes unrewarded:
Then to avoid all strife,
I'le resolve to lead a single life,
whereby the heart is not offended.

O what suit and service too,
Is used by them that woo:
O what grief in heart and mind,
What sorrow we do find;
through womens fond behaviour:
Subject to suffer each hour,
and speeches sharp and sower:

And labour, love, & coſt, perchance 'tis but all loſt
and no way to be amended,
And ſo purchaſe pleaſure,
And after repent at leiſure;
Then to avoid all ſtrife, &c.

To no man in wedded ſtate,
Doth happen much debate,
except Gods ſpecial favour,
If his wife be proudly bent,
Or ſecretly conſent,
to any lewd behaviour:
If ſhe be ſlothful or idle,
Or ſuch as her tongue cannot bridle,
O then well were he,
Of death his bane would be:
no ſorrow elſe can be amended,
For look how long he were living,
Evermore he would be grieving,
Then to avoid all ſtrife, &c.

Married folks we often hear,
Even through their Children dear,
have many cauſes of ſorrow;
If diſobedient they be found,
Or falſe in any ground,
by their unlawful ſorrows,
To ſee ſuch wicked fellows,

ſhame

shamefully come unto the Gallows,
Whom Parents with great care,
Nourished with dainty fare,
from their Cradle truly tended;
When as their Mothers before them,
doth curse the day that e're they bore them,
Then to avoid all strife, &c.

Do we then behold and see,
When men and wives agree,
and live together;
Where the Lord hath sent them eke,
Fair Children mild and meek,
like flowers in summer weather:
How greatly are they grieved,
And will not by joy be relieved,
if that Death doth call,
Either wife or Children small,
whom their vertues do command,
Their losses whom they thus added,
from their hearts cannot be moved,
Then to avoid all strife, &c.

Who being in that happy state,
Would work himself such hate,
his Fancy for to follow:
Or living here devoid of strife,
Would take him to a wife;

for to procure his sorrow,
With carking and with caring,
Evermore must be sparing,
Were he not worse then mad,
being merry would be sad:
Were he to be commended.
That e're would seek much pleasure,
where grief is all his treasure:
Then to avoid all strife, &c.

II.

The Widdows Solace. To the Tune of, *Robinsons Almain.*

MOurn no more fair Widdow,
thy tears are all in vain;
'Tis neither grief nor sorrow,
can call the dead again:
Man's well enough compared,
unto the Summers flower,
Which now is fair and pleasant,
yet withereth in an hour:
And mourn no more in vain,
as one whose faith is small;
Be patient in affliction,
and give God thanks for all.

All men are born to dye,

the

the Scripture telleth plain,
of Earth we were created,
to Earth we must again,
Twas neither Crœsus treasure,
nor Alexanders fame:
Nor Solomon by wisdom,
that could Deaths fury tame;
No Physick might preserve them,
when nature did decay;
What man can hold forever,
the thing that will away?
Then mourn no more, &c.

Though you have lost your Husband,
your comfort in distress;
Consider God regardeth
the Widdows heavinels:
And hath strictly charged,
such as his Children be,
The Fatherless and Widdow,
to shield from injury.
Then mourn no more, &c.

If he were true and faithful,
and loving unto thee;
Doubt not but there's in England,
enough as good as he:
But if that such affection,

within this heart was none;
Then give God praise and glory,
that he is dead and gone:
And mourn no more, &c,

Receive such Suitors friendly,
as do resort to thee;
Respect not the outward person,
but the inward gravity:
And with advised judgement,
chuse him above the rest;
Whom thou by proof hast tried,
Then mourn no more, &c.

Then shalt thou live a life,
exempted from all annoy;
And whensoever it chanceth,
I pray God give thee joy:
And thus I make an end,
with true humility;
In hope my simple solace,
may well excepted be:
Then mourn no more, &c.

FINIS.

12.

A gentle Womans Complaint, in that she found her Friend Faithless, which should have continued Constant.

FAith is a Figure standing now for nought,
Faith is a fancy we ought to cast in thought:
Faith now adays, as all the world may see,
Resteth in few, and faith is fled from thee.

Is there any faith in strangers to be found,
Is there any faith lies hidden in the ground?
Is there any faith in men that buried be?
No, there is none, and Faith is fled from thee.

Fled is the Faith that might remain in any,
Fled is the Faith that should remain in many,
Fled is the Faith that should in any be,
Then farewel hope, for Faith is fled from thee.

From Faith I see that every one is flying,
From Faith I see that all things are a dying;
They flye from faith that most in faith should be,
And faithless thou that brake thy faith to me.

Thee have I sought, but thee I could not find,
Thou of all others was most within my mind;
Thee have I left, and I alone will be,
Because I find that Faith is fled from thee.

Of

13.

Of the Prince of *England*, who wooed the Kings Daughter of *France*, and how he was slain, and she afterwards Married to a Forrester.

To the Tune of, *Crimson Velvet.*

IN the days of old,
When fair France did flourish,
Stories plainly told,
Lovers felt annoy;
The King a Daughter had,
Beautious, bright, and lovely,
Which made her Father glad,
she was his only joy:
A Prince of England came,
Whose Deeds did merit Fame,
he woo'd her long, and lo at last,
Look what he did require,
She granted his desire,
their hearts in one were linkt so fast:
Which when her Father proved,
Lord how he ws moved,
and tormented in his mind;
He sought for to prevent them,
And to discontent them,
Fortune crosseth Lovers kind:

When

When the Princes twain,
Were thus barr'd of pleasure,
Through the Kings disdain,
which their joys withstood;
The Lady got up her cloaths,
Her Jewels, and her Treasure;
Having no remorse
of State or Royal Blood:
In homely poor array,
She got from Court away,
to meet her joy and hearts delight;
Who in a Forrest great,
Had taken up his seat,
to wait her comming in the night:
But to see what sudden danger,
To this Princely stranger,
chanced as he sat alone;
By Out-laws he was Robbed,
And with Poniard stobbed,
uttering many a dying groan.

The Princess arm'd by him,
And by true desire,
Wandring all the night,
without dread at all;
Still unknown she pass'd
In her strange attire,
Comming at the last,

in the ecchoes call:
You fair woods, quoth she,
Honoured may you be,
harbouring my hearts delight;
Which doth compass here,
My joy and only dear,
my trusty friend and Noble Right:
Sweet I come unto thee,
Sweet I come to woe thee,
that thou may'st not angry be;
For my long delaying,
And thy courteous staying,
'mends for all I'le make to thee.

Passing thus along,
Through the Forrest,
Many grievous groans,
sounding in her ears:
Where she heard a man,
To lament the forest,
That was ever seen,
forced by deadly fear:
Farewel my dear, quoth he,
Whom I shall never see,
for why my life is at an end;
Through villanies cruelty,
Loe here for thee I dye,
to shew I am a faithful Friend:

Here

Here I lye a bleeding,
While my thoughts are feeding,
on the rareſt beauty found;
O hard hap that may be,
Little knows my Lady,
my heart blood lies on the ground.

With that he gave a groan,
Which did burſt aſunder,
All the tender ſtrings
of his bleeding heart;
She which knew his voice,
At his tale did wonder,
All her former joy,
did to griefe convert:
Straight ſhe ran to ſee,
Whom this man ſhould be,
that ſo like her love did ſpeak;
And found when as ſhe came,
Her lovely Lord lay ſlain,
all ſmeared in blood, which life did break.

When this deed they ſpied,
Lord how ſore ſhe cried,
her ſorrows cannot counted be;
Her eyes like fountains runing,
While ſhe cried out, my Darling,
O would that I had died for thee.

His pale lips alas,
Twenty times she killed,
And his face did wash,
with her trickling tears.

Every bleeding wound,
Her fair words bedewed,
Wiping off the Blood
with her Golden Hair:
Speak fair Prince to me,
one sweet word of comfort give,
Lift up thy fair Eyes.
Listen to my Crys,
think in what great grief I live:
All in vain she sued,
All in vain she viewed,
the Princess life was dead and gone;
There stood she still mourning,
Till the Sun approaching,
and bright day was coming on.

In this great distress,
Quoth the Royal Lady,
Who can now express,
what will become of me?
To my Fathers Court,
Will I never wander,
But some Service seek,

where

where I might placed be,
And thus she made her moan,
Weeping all alone,
all in dread and dreadful fear,
A Forrester all in Green,
Most comely to be seen,
ranging the woods did find her there:
Round beset with sorrow,
Maid, quoth he, good morrow,
what hard hap brought you here?
Harder hap did never,
Chance to Maiden ever,
here lies slain my Brother dear.

Where might I be plac'd,
Gentle Forrester tell me,
Where should I procure,
a Service in my care?
Pains I will not spare,
And will do my duty,
Ease me of my care,
help my extream need:
The Forrester all amazed,
On her beauty gazed,
till his heart was set on fire;
Yes, fair Maid, quoth he,
you shall have your hearts desire.

He brought her to his Mother,
And above all other
he sets forth the Maidens praise;
Long was his heart inflamed,
At last her love he gained,
thus did his Glory raise.

Thus unknown he married,
With the Kings fair Daughter,
Children they had seven,
e're he knew the same;
But when he understood,
She was a Royal Princess,
By this means at last,
she shewed forth her fame:
He Cloth'd his Children
Not like to other men,
in party colours strange to see;
The left side Cloth of Gold,
The right side now behold,
of woollen cloth still framed he.

When hereat did wonder,
Golden fame did thunder,
this strange Deed in every place;
The King of France came thither,
Being pleasant weather,
in the woods the Hart to chase:

The Children then did stand,
As their Father willed,
Where the Royal King
must of force come by;
Their Mother richly clad,
In fair crimson velvet,
Their Father all in Gray,
comely to the eye:
Then the famous King,
Noted every thing,
asking how he durst be so bold,
To let his wife to wear,
And deck his Children there,
in costly Robes and Cloath of Gold:
The Forrester thus reply'd,
And the case de'crib'd
to the King thus did say;
Well may they by their Mother,
Wear rich Gold like other,
being by birth a Princess gay.

The King upon these words,
More heedful beheld them,
Till a crimson blush,
his conceit did cross,
The more I look, he said,
On thy Wife and Children,
the more I call to mind:

my daughter whom I lost:
I am the Child (quoth she)
Falling on her knee,
pardon me my Soveraign Leige,
The King perceiving this,
His Daughter dear did kiss,
and joyful tears did stop his speech:
With his train he turned,
And with her sojourned,
straightway he dub'd her Husband Knight;
Then made him Earl of Flanders,
One of his chief Commanders,
thus was his sorrows put to flight.

FINIS.

Of the faithful friendshid that lasted between two faithful friends. To the Tune of, *flying fame.*

IN stately Rome sometimes did dwell,
a man of Noble Fame;
Who had a Son of seemly shape,
Alphonso was his name:
When he was grown and come to age,
his Father thought it best,
To send his Son to Athens fair,
where wisdoms School did rest.

And when he was to Athens come,

good

good Lectures for to learn;
A place to board him with delight,
his friends did well discern:
A Noble Knight of Athens Town,
of him did take the charge,
Who had a Son Ganselo call'd,
just of his pitch and age.

In stature and in person both,
in favour, speech, and face;
In quality and conditions like
they 'greed in every place:
So like they were in all respects,
the one unto the other;
They were not known but by their names,
of Father or of Mother.

And as in favour they were found,
alike in all respects,
Even so they did most dearly love,
and prove by good effects:
Ganselo loved a Lady fair,
which did in Athens dwell;
Who was in beauty peerless found,
so far she did excell.

Upon a time it chanced so,
as fancy did him move;

That he would visit for delight,
his Lady and his Love:
And to his true and faithful Friend,
he declared the same:
Asking of him, if he would see,
that fair and comely Dame.

Alphonso did thereto agree,
and with Ganselo went;
To see the Lady which he lov'd,
which bred his discontent:
But when he cast his Chrystial eyes,
upon her Angels hue;
The beauty of that Lady bright,
did straight his heart subdue.

His gentle heart so wounded was,
with that fair Ladies face;
That afterwards he daily liv'd,
in sad and woful case:
And of his grief he knew not how,
therefore to make an end;
For that he knew his Ladies Love,
was yielded to his Friend.

Thus being sore perplext in mind,
upon his Bed he lay;
Like one which death and deep despair,

had

had almoſt worn away:
His friend Ganſelo that did ſee,
his griefe and great diſtreſs;
At length requeſted for to know,
his cauſe of heavineſs.

With much ado at length he told,
the truth unto his friend;
Who did relieve his inward woe,
with comfort to the end:
Take courage then, dear friend, quoth he,
though she through love be mine;
By right I will reſign to thee,
the Lady ſhall be thine.

You know our favours are alike,
our ſpeech alſo likewiſe;
This day in mine apparel then,
you ſhall your ſelf diſguiſe:
And unto Church then ſhall you go,
directly in my ſtead;
Loe though my friends ſuppoſe 'tis I,
you ſhall the Lady wed.

Alphonſo was ſo well appaid,
and as they had decreed;
He went that day and wedded plain,
the Lady there indeed:

But when the Nuptual feast was done,
and Phœbus quite was fled;
The Lady for *Ganſela* took
Alphonſo to her bed.

That night they ſpent in pleaſant ſport,
and when the day was come,
A Poaſt for fair Alphonſo come,
to fetch him home to *Rome*:
Then was the matter plainly prov'd,
Alphonſo wedded was,
And not *G*anſelo to that Dame,
which brought great woe, alas.

Alphonſo being gone to Rome,
with this his Lady gay,
Ganſelo's friends and Kindred all,
in ſuch a rage did ſtay:
That they depriv'd him of his wealth,
his Land and rich attire:
And baniſhed him their Country quite,
in rage and wrathful ire.

With ſad and penſive thoughts alas,
Ganſelo wandred then,
Who was conſtrain'd through want to beg,
relief of many men:
In this diſtreſs, oft would he ſay:

to

to Rome I mean to go,
To seek Alphonso, my dear Friend,
who will relieve my woe.

To Rome when poor Ganselo came,
and found Alphonso's place;
Which was so famous, huge, and fair,
himself in such poor case:
He was asham'd to shew himself,
in that his poor array,
Saying, Alphonso knows me well,
if he would come this way.

Therefore he staid within the street,
Alphonso then came by,
But heeding not Ganselo poor,
his Friend that stood so nigh:
Which griev'd Ganselo to the heart,
quoth he, and is it so?
Doth proud Alphonso now disdain
his Friend indeed to know.

In desperate sort away he went,
into a Barn hard by,
And presently he drew his knife,
thinking thereby to dye:
And bitterly in sorrow there,
he did lament and weep,

And being over-weighed with grief,
he there fell fast asleep.

While soundly there he sweetly slept,
come in a murthering thief;
And saw a naked knife lye by
this man so full of grief:
The knife so bright, he took up straight,
and went away amain;
And thrust it in a murthered man,
which before he had slain.

And afterwards he went with speed,
and put this bloody knife;
Into his hand that sleeping lay,
to save himself from strife:
Which done, away in hast he ran,
and that search was made,
Ganselo with his bloody knife,
was for the murther staid:

And brought before the Magistrate,
who did confess most plain;
That he indeed with that same knife,
the murthered man had slain:
Alphonso sitting there as Judge,
and knowing Ganselo's face,
To save his friend did say, himself
was guilty in that case.

None, quoth Alphonso, kill'd the man,
my Lord but only I;
And therefore let this poor man free,
and let me justly dye:
Thus while for death these faithful friends,
in striving did proceed;
The man before the Senate came,
which did the fact indeed.

Who being moved with remorse,
their friendly hearts to see;
Did say before the Judges plain,
none did the fact but he:
Thus when the truth was plainly told,
of all sides joy was seen;
Alphonso did embrace his Friend,
which had so woful been.

In rich array he cloathed him,
as fitted his degree;
And helpt him to his Lands again,
and former dignity:
The Murtherer for telling truth,
had pardon at that time;
Who afterwards lamented much,
this foul and grievous crime.

FINIS.

THE SECOND PART OF THE GARLAND of GOOD-WILL.

1.

A Pastoral Song, to the Tune of, *Hey ho holy-day.*

UPon a Down where Shepherds keep,
piping pleasant Lays;
Two Country Maids were keeping Sheep,
and sweetly chanted Round-delays:
Three Shepherds each on Oaten Reed,
blaming Cupids cruel wrong,
Unto these Rural Nymphs agreed,
to keep a tuneful Under-song.

And so they were in number Five,
Musicks number sweet,
And we the like, let us contrive,
to sing their Song in order meet:
Fair Phillis part I take to me,
she 'gainst loving Minds complains;
And Amarillis, thou shalt be,
she defends the Shepherds Swains.

Ph. Fye on the slights that men devise,
Sh. Hey ho, silly slights:

Ph. When

Ph. When simple Maids they would intice,
Sh. Maidens are young-mens chief delights:
Am. Nay, women they which with their eyes,
Sh. Eyes like beams of burning Sun:
Am. And men once caught they soon dispise,
Sh. So are Shepherds oft undone.

Ph. If any young Man win a Maid,
Sh. Happy man is he;
Ph. By trusting him she is betray'd,
Sh. Fye upon such treachery:
Am. If maids with young-men with their guiles
Sh. Hey ho, hey ho, guiles grief:
Am. They deal like weeping Crocodiles,
Sh. That murther men without relief.

Ph. I know a silly Country Hind,
Sh. Hey ho, hey ho, silly Swain!
Ph. To whom fair Daphne proved kind,
Sh. Was he not kind to her again:
Ph. He vow'd to Pan with many an Oath,
Sh. Hey ho, hey ho, Shepherds God is he,
Am. Yet since he hath chang'd & broke his truth,
Sh. Troth plight broke, will plagued be.

Am. She had deceived many a Swain,
Sh. Fye upon false deceit:
Am. And plighted troth to them in vain,

Sh. There

Sh. There can be no grief more great,
Am. Her measure was with measure paid,
Sh. Hey ho, hey ho, equal need?
Am. She was beguiled, that was betray'd,
Sh. So shall all deceivers speed.

Ph. If ever Maid were like to me,
Sh. Hey ho, hey ho, hard of heart!
Ph. Both Love and Lovers scorn'd should be,
Sh. Scorners should be sure of smart:
Am. If every Maid were of my mind,
Sh. Hey ho, hey ho, lovely sweet!
Am. They to their Lovers should prove kind,
Sh. Kindness is for maidens meet.

Ph. Methinks Love is an idle toy,
Sh. Hey ho, hey ho, busie pain,
Ph. Both wit and sense it doth annoy,
Sh. Both wit and sense thereby we gain:
Am. Tush Phillis, cease, be not so coy,
Ph. Hey ho, hey ho, my disdain!
Am. I know you Love a Shepherds Boy,
Sh. Fye on that woman so can feign.

Ph. Well, *Amarillis*, now I yield,
Sh. Shepherds sweetly pipe aloud,
Ph. Love conquers both in town and field,
Sh. Like a Tyrant fierce and proud:

Am.

Am. The Evening-star is up we see,
Sh. Vesper shines, we must away,
Ph. Would every Lady would agree,
Sh. So we end our Round-delay.

2.

Of Patient *Grissel* and a Noble *Marquess*; Tune is, *The Brides Good-morrow.*

A Noble Marquess as he did ride a hunting,
hard by a River side,
A prosper Maiden as she did sit a spinning,
his gentle eye espy'd:
Most fair and lovely, and of comely grace was she,
although in simple attire,
She sang most sweet with pleasant voice melodiously,
which set the Lords heart on fire,
The more he look't the more he might,
Beauty bred his hearts delight,
and to this dainty Damosel he went:
God speed (quoth he) thou famous flower,
Fair Mistris of this homely Bower,
where love & vertue lives with sweet content.

With comely gesture, & modest fine behaviour,
she bad him welcome then,
She entertain'd him in faithful friendly manner
and all his Gentlemen:

The

The Noble Marquels in his heart felt such flame
which set his senses all at strife;
Quoth he, fair Maiden, shew me soon what is thy (name
I mean to take thee to my wife:
Grissel is my name, quoth she,
Far unfit for your degree,
a silly Maiden and of Parents poor:
Nay Grissel, thou art rich he said,
A vertuous, fair, and comely Maid,
grant me thy love, and I will ask no more.

At length she consented, & being both contented,
they married were with speed;
Her country russet was turn'd to silk and velvet,
as to her state agreed:
And when that she was trimly tyred in the same,
her beauty shined most bright;
Far staining every other Dame & country Dame,
that did appear in her sight:
Many envied her therefore,
Because she was of Parents poor,
and 'twixt her Lord & her great strife did raise
Some said this, and some said that,
Some did call her Beggers brat,
and to her Lord they would her oft dispraise.

O noble Marquels, quoth they, why do you wrong (us,
thus basely for to wed;
That

That might have gotten an honourable Lady,
into your Princely Bed:
Who will not now your noble issue still deride,
which shall be hereafter born;
That are of blood so base by the Mothers side,
the which will bring them to scorn.
Put her therefore quite away,
Take to you a Lady gay,
whereby your Linage may renowned be;
Thus every day they seem'd to prate,
That malic'd Grissels good estate,
who took all this most mild and patiently.

When that the Marquess did see that they were
against his faithful wife, (bent thus
Who most dearly, tenderly, and intirely,
he loved as his life:
Finding in secret for to prove her patient heart,
thereby her foes to disgrace;
Thinking to play a hard discourteous part,
that men might pitty her case:
Great with child this Lady was,
And at length it came to pass,
two goodly Children at one birth she had;
A Son and Daughter God had sent,
Which did their Father well content, (glad.
and which did make their Mothers heart full

Great

Great Royal feasting, were at these Childrens Christning,
and Princely triumph made, (
Six weeks together, all Nobles that came thither
were entertain'd and staid:
And when that all these pleasant sportings quite (were done,
the Marquess a Messenger sent,
For his young daughter, & his pritty smilling son
declaring his full intent:
How that the Babes must unmthered be,
For so the Marquess did decree,
come let me have the Children he said,
With that fair Grissel wept full sore,
She wrung her hands and said no more,
my gracious Lord must have his will obey'd.

She took the Babies, from the nursing Ladies,
between her tender arms,
She often wishes, with many sorrowful kisses,
that she might help their harms:
Farewel, quoth she, my Children dear,
never shall I see you again,
'Tis long of me, your sad & woful mother dear,
for whose sake you must be slain:
Had I been born of Royal Race,
You might have liv'd in happy case,
but now you must dye for my unworthiness.
Come messenger of Death, quoth she
Take my despised Babes to thee,

and

and to their Father my complaints express.

He took the Children, and to his Noble Master
he brought them forth with speed;
Who secretly sent them unto a Noble Lady,
to be nurst up indeed:
Then to fair Grissel with a heavy heart he goes,
where she sat mildly all alone,
A pleasant gesture, and a lovely look she shews,
as if grief she had never known:
(Quoth he) my Children now are slain,
What thinks fair Grissel of the same,
sweet Grissel now declare thy mind to me,
Sith you my Lord are pleas'd with it,
Poor Grissel thinks the action fit,
both I and mine at your command will be.

My Nobles murmer, fair Grissel at thy honour
and I no joy can have;
Till thou be banisht from my Court and presence
as they unjustly crave:
Thou must be stript out of thy stately Garments,
and as thou camest to me,
In homely gray, instead of silk and purest Pall,
now all thy cloathing must be:
My Lady thou must be no more,
Nor I thy Lord which grieves me sore,
the poorest life must now content thy mind;

A Groat to thee I may not give,
Thee to maintain while I do live,
against my Grissel such great foes I find.

When gentle Grissel heard these woeful tydings
the tears stood in her eyes;
She nothing said, no words of discontentment
did from her lips arise:
Her velvet Gown most patiently she stript off,
her Girdle of Silk of the same; (scoff,
Her russet gown was brought again with many a
to bear them all her self did frame:
When she was drest in this array,
And ready was to part away,
God send long life unto my Lord, quoth she;
Let no offence be found in this,
To give my Lord a parting kiss;
with watry eyes, farewel my dear, quoth he.

From stately Pallace unto her Fathers Cottage
poor Grissel now is gone;
Full fifteen winters she liv'd there contented,
no wrong she thought upon: (went,
And at that time through all the land the speeches
the Marquels should married be
Unto a Noble Lady of high descent,
and to the same all parties did agree:
The Marquels sent for Grissel fair,

The

The Brides Bed-chamber to prepare,
that nothing should therein be found awry:
The Bride was with her Brother come,
Which was great joy to all and some,
and Grissel took all this most patiently.

And in the morning when that they should be (wedded
her patience now was try'd,
Grissel was charged, in Princely manner,
for to attire the Bride:
Most willingly she gave consent unto the same,
the Bride in her bravery was drest,
And presently the noble Marquess thither came,
with all the Ladies at his request:
Oh Grissel I would ask of thee,
If to this Match thou would'st agree,
methinks thy looks are waxed wondrous coy:
With that they all began to smile,
And Grissel she replies the while,
God send Lord Marquess many years of joy.

The Marquess was moved, to see his best beloved
thus patient in distress,
He stept unto her, and by the hand he took her,
these words he did express:
Thou art the bride, & all the brides I mean to have
these two thy own Children be,
The youthful Lady on her knees did blessing crave,

the Brother as willing as she:
And you that envy her estate,
Whom I have made my loving Mate,
now blush for shame, and honor vertuous life:
The Chronicles of lasting fame,
Shall evermore extol the name
of Patient Grissel my most constant wife.

FINIS.

A pleasant Dialogue between plain *Truth*, and blind *Ignorance*.

Truth.

GOd speed you aged Father,
and give you a good day;
What is the cause I pray you,
so sadly here you stay:
And that you keep such gazing
on this decayed place;
The which for Superstition,
good Princes down did raze.

Ignorance.

Shall tell thee by my dazen,
that sometimes they have known,
A fair and goodly Abbey,
stand here of Brick and Stone,
And many holy Frier,

as

as ich may zay to thee:
Within these goodly Cloysters,
che did bull often zee.

Truth.

Then I must tell thee, Father,
in truth and verity;
A zort of greater Hypocrites,
thou could'st not likely see:
Deceiving of the simple,
with false and feigned lies;
But such an order truly,
Christ did never devise.

Ignorance.

Ah, ah, che zmell thee now man,
che know well what thou art;
A bellow of new Learning,
che wis not worth a bart:
Vor when we had the old Law,
a merry world was then;
And every thing was plenty,
among all zorts of men.

Truth.

Thou givest me an answer,
as did the Jews sometimes,
Unto the Prophet Jeremy,
when he accus'd their crimes:
'Twas merry (said the people)
and joyful in our Realm,

Which did offer Spice Cakes
unto the Queen of Heaven.

Ignorance.

I shall tell thee what good bellow,
before the Vicars went hence,
A Bushell of the best Wheat,
was zould for fourteen pence:
And forty Eggs a penny,
that were both good and new;
And this zhe zay my zelf have zeen,
and yet ich am no Jew.

Truth.

Within the sacred Bible,
we find it written plain;
The latter days should troublesome
and dangerous be certain:
That we should be self lovers,
and Charity wax cold,
Then 'tis not true Religion
that makes the grief to hold.

Ignorance.

Ich will tell thee my opinion plain,
and choul that well ye knew;
Ich care not for the Bible Book,
'tis too big to be true:
Our blessed Ladies Psalter,
zhall for my Money go;
Zuch pritty Prayers as there be,

The

the Bible cannot zhew.

Truth.

Now hast thou spoken truly,
for in that Book indeed,
No mention of our Lady,
or Romish Saint we read:
For by the blessed Spirit,
that Book indited was,
And not by simple Persons,
as is the foolish Mass.

Ignorance.

Cham zure they are not voolish,
that made the Mass che trow;
Why man? 'tis all in Latine,
and Vools no Latine know:
Were not our Vathers wise men,
and they did like it well?
Who very much rejoyced
to hear the zœring Bell.

Truth.

But many Kings and Prophets,
as I may say to thee;
Have wisht the Light that you have,
and could it never see.
For what art thou the better,
a Latine Song to hear;
And understandest nothing,
that they sing in the Quire?

Ignorance.

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,
the noise was passing trim;
To hear the Friers zinging,
as we did enter in:
And then to see the Rood-loft
so brabely zet with Zaints;
And now to zee them wanting,
my heart with zorrow faints.

Truth.

The Lord did give Commandment
no Image thou should'st make;
Nor that unto Idolatry
you should your self betake:
The Golden Calf of Israel,
Moses did therefore spoil;
And Baals Priests and Temple,
he brought to utter foil.

Ignorance.

But our Lady of Walsingham,
was a pure and holy Saint;
And many men in Pilgrimage,
did shew to her Complaint:
Yea sweet Thomas Becket,
and many others more,
The Holy Maid of Kent likewise,
did many wonders shew zor.

Truth.

Such Saints are well agreeing,
to your profession sure;
And to the men that made them,
so precious and pure:
The one was found a Traytor,
and judged worthy death;
The other eke for Treason,
did end his hateful breath.

Ignorance.

Yea, yea, it is no matter,
dispraise them how you will;
But sure they did much goodness,
when they were with us still:
We had our Holy water,
and Holy Bread likewise,
And many Holy Reliques,
we say before our eyes.

Truth.

And all this while they fed you,
with vain and sundry shows,
Which never Christ commanded,
as learned Doctors knows:
Search then the Holy Scriptures,
and thou shalt plainly see,
That headlong to damnation,
they always trained thee:

Ignorance.

If it be true good fellow,
as thou dost say to me;
Then to my Saviour Jesus,
alone then will I flye:
Believing in the Gospel,
and passion of his Son,
And with thy subtile Papists,
ich for ever done.

FINIS.

3.

The overthrow of proud *Holofornes* and the Triumph of vertuous Queen *Judith*.

WHen King Nebuchadnezzar
was puffed up with pride;
He sent forth many men of War,
by Holofornes guide:
To plague and spoil the world throughout,
by fierce Bellona's Rod,
That would not fear and honour him,
and acknowledge him their God.

Which when the Holy Israelites
did truly understand,
For to prevent his tyranny,
they fortified their Land:

Their

Their Towns and stately Cities strong,
they did with Victuals store;
Their warlike Weapons they prepar'd,
their furious Foe to gore.

When stately Holofornes then,
had knowledge of that thing,
That they had thus prepar'd themselves,
for to withstand the King:
Quoth he, what God is able now,
to keep these men from me?
Is there a greater then our King,
whom all men fear to see?

Come march with me, therefore he said,
my Captains every one;
And first unto Bethulia,
with speed let us be gone:
I will destroy each Mothers Son
that is within the Land;
Their God shall not deliver them,
out of my furious hand.

Wherefore about Bethulia,
that little City then;
On foot he planted up and down,
an hundred thousand men:
Twelve thousand more on Horses brave

about

about the Town had he;
Ye stopt their springs and water-pipes,
to work their misery.

When four and thirty days they had,
with wars besieged been;
The poor Bethulians at that time,
so thirsty then were seen:
That they were like to starve and dye,
they were both weak and faint,
The People against the Rulers cry,
and thus was their Complaint.

Better it is for us, quoth they,
to yield unto our Foe,
Then by this great and grievous thirst,
to be destroyed so:
O render up the Town therefore,
we are forsaken quite:
There is no means to escape their hands,
who might escape their might?

When as their grievous Rulers heard,
the Clamours which they made;
Good people be content, said they,
and be no whit dismaid:
Yet five days stay in hope of health,
God will regard your woe;

But

But if by then, no succour come,
we'l yield unto our Foe.

When Judith (prudent Princely Dame)
had tydings of this thing;
Which was Manasses beautous wife,
that sometimes was their King:
Why tempt ye God so sore, she said,
before all men this day;
Whom mortal men in Conscience ought,
to fear and eke obey?

If you will grant me leave, quoth she,
to pass abroad this night,
To Holofornes I will go,
for all his furious might:
But what I there intend to do,
enquire not now of me,
Go then in peace, fair Dame, they said,
and God be still with thee.

When she from them was gotten home,
within her Pallace Gate,
She called to her the chiefest Maid,
that on her then did wait:
Bring me my best attire, quoth she,
and Jewels of fine Gold,
And wash me with the finest Balmes,

that

that are of Silver sold.

The fairest and the richest Robe,
that then she did possess;
Upon her dainty Corps she put,
and eke her Hair did dress,
With costly Pearls, and precious Stones,
and Ear-rings of fine Gold;
That like an Angel she did seem,
most sweet for to behold.

A Pot of sweet and pleasant Oyl,
she took with her that time;
A Bag of Figs, and fine Wheat flower,
a Bottle of fine Wine;
Because she would not eat with them,
that worship Gods of Stone,
And from the City thus she went,
with one poor maid alone.

Much ground alas, she had not gone,
out of her own City;
But that the Centinels espy'd,
a woman wondrous pitty:
From whence came you fair Maid, quoth they,
and where walk you so late?
From yonder Town, good sir, quoth she,
unto your Lord of high estate.

When

When they did mark and view her well,
and saw her fair beauty;
And therewithal her rich array,
so gorgeous to the eye:
They were amazed in their minds,
so fair a Dame to see;
They set her in a Chariot then,
in place of high degree.

An hundred proper chosen men,
they did appoint likewise;
To wait on Princely Judith there,
whose beauty clear'd their eyes:
And all the Souldiers running came,
to view her, as she went;
And thus with her they past along,
unto the Generals Tent.

Then came this stately Guard in haste,
fair Judith for to meet;
And to their high renowned Lord,
they brought this Lady sweet:
And then before his Honour,
upon her knee she fell;
Her beauty bright made him to muse,
so far she did excell.

Rise up Renowned Dame, quoth he,

the glory of thy kind,
And be no whit adasht at all,
to shew me thy mind:
When she had uttered her intent,
her wit amaz'd them all,
And Holofornes therewith,
by love was brought in thrall.

And bearing in his lofty breast,
the flames of hot desire,
He granted every thing to her,
she did of him require:
Each night therefore he gave her leave,
to walk abroad to pray:
According to her own request,
which she had made that day.

When she in Camp had three days been,
near Holofornes Tent,
His chiefest friend Lord treasurer,
unto her then he sent:
Fair Dame, quoth he, my Lord commands
this Night your Company,
Quoth she, I will not my Lord
in any thing deny.

A very great and sumtuous Feast,
did Holofornes make,

Among

Amongst the Lords and Knights,
and all for Iudiths sake:
But of their dainties in no sate,
would pleasant Judith take:
Yet Holofornes merry was,
so near him she was plac'd.

And being very pleasantly,
disposed at that time;
He drunk with them abundantly,
of strong delicious Wine:
So that his strength and memory,
so far from him was fled;
They laid him down, and Judith then
was brought unto his Bed.

When all the Doors about were shut,
and every one was gone;
Hard by the Pillow of his Bed,
his Sword she spy'd anon:
Then down she took it presently,
to God for strength she pray'd;
She cut his Head from's Shoulders quite,
and gave it to her Maid.

The rich and Golden Canopy,
that hung over his Bed;
She took the same with her likewise,

with Holofornes Head:
And thus through all the Court of Guards,
she escap'd clean away;
None did her stay, thinking that she
had gone forth to pray.

When she had past, escap'd quite
the danger of them all;
And that she was come near unto
the sledged-Cities wall:
Come open me the Gates, quoth she,
our Foe the Lord hath slain;
See here his Head within my hand,
that bore so great a Fame.

Upon a Pole they pitcht his Head,
that all men might it spy;
And o're the City wall forthwith,
they set it presently:
Then all the Souldiers in the town,
marcht forth in rich Array;
But sure their Foes spy'd their approach,
for 'twas at break of day.

Then running hastily to call,
their General out of Bed;
They found his lifeless Body there,
but clean without a head:

When

When this was known, all in amaze,
they fled away each man;
They left their tents full rich behind,
and so away they ran.

Lo here, behold, how God provides,
for them that in him trust;
When earthly hope is all in vain,
he takes us from the dust:
How often hath our Judith sav'd
and kept us from decay;
'Gainst Holofornes and Pope,
as may be seen this day.

FINIS.

5.

A Princely Ditty, in praise of the English ROSE.

Translated out of *French*.

Amongst the Printely Paragons,
Bedeckt with dainty Diamonds;
Within my eye, none doth come nigh,
the sweet Red Rose of England:
The Lillies pass in bravery,
In Flanders, Spain, and Italy;
But yet the famous flower of France,
doth honour the Rose of England.

As I abroad was walking,
I heard the small Birds talking:
And every one did straine her song,
in praise of the Rose of England.
The Lillies, &c.

Cæsar may vaunt of Victories,
and Crœsus of his happiness;
But he were blest, that may bear in his breast,
the sweet Red Rose of England.
The Lillies, &c.

The bravest Lute lying hither,
And let us sing together:
Whilst I do ring on every string,
the praise of the Rose of England.
The Lillies, &c.

The sweet perfumes and Spices,
The Wise-men brought to Jesus:
Did never smell a quarter so well,
as doth the Rose of England.
The Lillies, &c.

Then fair and Princely Flower,
That ever my heart doth power:
None may be compared to thee,
which art the fair Rose of England.
The Lillies, &c.

6.

A Communication between Fancy and desire.

COme hither Shepherds Swain,
Sir, what do you require?
I pray thee shew thy Name,
my name is fond Desire.

When wast thou born, Desire?
in pomp and pride of May,
By whom (sweet Child) wast thou begot?
of fond Conceit men say.

Tell me, who was thy Nurse?
sweet Youth, and sugred joys,
What was thy Meat and dainty Food?
sad sighs and great Annoys.

What had'st thou for to Drink?
unsavory Lovers tears,
What Cradle wast thou rocked in?
in Love devoid of fears.

What lull'd thee then asleep?
sweet Speech, which likes me best,
Tell me where is thy dwelling place?
in gentle Hearts I rest.

What thing doth pleaſe thee moſt?
to gaze on beauty ſtill:
Whom doſt thou think to be thy Foe?
diſdain of thy good-will.

Doth Company diſpleaſe,
ye ſure, many a one;
Where doth deſire delight to live?
he loves to live alone:
Doth either time or Age,
bring him into decay?
No, no, Deſire both lives and dyes,
ten thouſand times a day.

Then fond Deſires farewel,
thou art no meat for me;
I would loath to dwell,
with ſuch a one as thee.

FINIS.

THE

THE THIRD PART OF THE GARLAND of GOOD-WILL.

Song. 1.

A Maids Choice, 'twixt Age and Youth.

CRabbed Age and Youth,
cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasure,
Age is full of care:
Youth's like Summers morn,
Age like winters weather,
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is wild, and Age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame;
Age I do abhor thee,
Youth I do adore thee,
O my Love, my Love is Young,
Age I do defie thee,
O sweet Shepherd hye thee,
for methinks thou stay'st too long.
Here I do attend,
arm'd by love and pleasure:
With my youthful Friend,
joyful for to meet:

Here I do wait,
for my onely treasure,
Venus sugred habit,
fancy dainty sweet:
Like a loveing wife,
So lead I my life,
thirsting for my hearts desire:
Come sweet Youth, I pray,
Away Old Man, away,
thou canst not give what I require:
For Old Age I care not,
Come my love and spare not,
Age is Feeble, Youth is strong,
Age I do defie thee,
O sweet Shepherd bye thee,
for methinks thou stay'st too long.

Phæbus stay thy Steeds
over-swift running;
Drive not on so fast,
bright resplendant Sun:
For fair Dapnes sake,
now express thy cunning:
Pitty on me take,
else I am undone;
Your hours swift of flight,
That waste with Titans sight,
and so consume the chearful day;

O stay a while with me,
Till I my Love may see;
O Youth thou dost so long delay:
Time will over-slip us,
And in pleasure trip us:
come away therefore with speed:
I would not lose an hour,
For fair Londons Tower,
Venus therefore help my need.

Flora's Banks are spread,
in their rich attire,
With their dainty Violet,
and the Primrose sweet:
Dazies white and red,
fitting Youths desire,
Whereby the Daffadilly,
and the Cowslip meet:
All for youths behove,
Their fresh Colours move,
in the Meadows green and gay:
The Birds with sweeter Notes,
Do strain their pitty throats,
to entertain my love this way.
I with twenty wishes,
And an hundred kisses,
would receive him by the hand:
If he gave not me a fall,

I

I would him Coward call,
and all unto my word would stand.

Lo where he appears,
like young Adonis,
Ready to set on fire,
the chaslest heart alive,
Jewel of my life,
welcome where thine own is:
Pleasant are thy looks,
sorrows to deprive;
Embracing thy Darling Dear,
Without all doubtful fear;
on thy command I wholly rest,
Do what thou wilt to me,
Therein I agree,
and be not strange to my request:
To Youth I only yield,
Age fits not Venus field:
though I be conquered what care I,
In such a pleasant war,
Come meet me if you dare,
who first misliles, let them cry.

FINIS.

AS you came from the Holy Land,
of Walsingham;
Met you not with my true Love,

by

by the way as you came?
How should I know your true Love,
that have met many a one;
As I came from the Holy Land,
that have come, that have gone.

She is neither white nor Brown,
but as the Heavens fair;
There is none hath a Form so Divine,
on the Earth, in the Air:
Such a one did I meet (good Sir)
with Angel-like Face;
Who like a Queen did appear,
in her Gate, in her Grace.

She hath left me here all alone,
all alone and unknown,
Who sometimes lov'd me as her life,
and called me her own:
What's the cause she hath left thee alone,
and a new way doth take,
That sometime did love thee as her self,
and her joy did thee make?

I loved her all my youth,
but now am Old as you see,
Love liketh not the Falling Fruit,
nor the withered tree:

For

For Love is a careless Child,
and forgets Promise past;
He is blind, he is not deaf, when he list,
and in Faith never fast.

For love is a great delight,
And yet a trustless joy,
he is won with a word of Despair;
And is lost with a Toy:
such is the Love of Women-kind:
Or the word (Love) abused,
Under which many childish desires,
and Conceits are excused.

But Love is a durable fire,
in the mind ever burning;
Never Sick, never Dead, never Cold,
from it self never turning.

4.

The Winning of *Cales*.

LOng had the proud Spaniard,
advanced to conquer us,
Threatning our Country
with Fire and Sword:
Often preparing
their Navy most sumptuous,
With all the Provision

that

that Spain could afford:
Dub, a dub, dub,
thus strikes the Drums,
Tan-ta-ra-ra, tan-ta-ra-ra,
English men comes.

To the Seas presently,
went our Lord admiral;
With Knights Couragious,
and Captains full good:
The Earl of Essex,
a prosperous General,
With him prepared,
to pass the Salt Flood.
Dub, a dub, &c.

At Plymouth speedily,
took their Ships valiantly;
Braver Ships never
were seen under sail:
With their fair Colours spread,
and Streams o're their head;
Now braging Spaniards
take heed of your Tayl.
Dub, a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunningly,
came we most happily;

WHere the King's Navy,
did secretly Ride,
Being upon their backs,
pierceing their Buts of Sack
E're that the Spaniard
our coming discry'd:
Tan ta-ra-ra-ra, English-men comes;
bounce-abounce, bounce-abounce;
Off went the Guns.

Great was the crying,
running and riding,
WHich at that season
was made in that plate:
When Beacons was fired,
as need was required,
To hide their great treasure,
they had little space:
Alas they cryed
English-men comes.

There you might see the Ships,
how they were fired fast;
And how the men drowned
themselves in the Sea:
That you might hear them cry,
wail and weep piteously,
WHen as they saw no shift,

to

to escape thence away:
Dub a dub, &c.

The great Saint Phillip,
the pryde of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom,
and sunk into the Sea:
But the Saint Andrew,
and eke the Saint Matthew,
We took in Fight manfully,
and brought them away:
Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of Essex,
most Valiant and hardy,
With Horse-men and Foot-men,
marcht towards the Town:
The enemies which saw them,
full greatly affrighted,
Did fly for their Safe-guard,
and durst not come down:
Dub a dub, &c.

Now quoth the Noble Earl,
Courage my Souldiers all,
Fight and be Valiant,
the spoyl you shall have;
And well rewarded all,

Crown

from the great to the small:
But look that the Women
and Children you save.
Dub, a dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that sight,
Saw 'twas in vain to fight;
Hung up their Flags of truce,
yielding up the town:
We marcht in presently,
decking the Walls on high,
With our English Colours,
which purchased Renown.
Dub, a dub, &c.

Entring the Houses then,
of the Richest men,
For Gold and treasure,
we searched each day;
In some places we did find,
Pyes baking in the Oven,
Meat at the fire Roasting,
and men ran away.
Dub, a dub, &c.

Full of rich Merchandize,
every Shop we did see,
Damask and Sattins,

and

and Velvet full fair:
Which Souldiers measure out
by the length of their Swords:
Of all Commodities,
and each one had a share,
Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken,
and our brave General
Marcht to the Market-place,
there he did stand;
There many Prisoners
of good account were took,
Many crav'd Mercy,
and mercy they found:
Dub a dub, &c.

When as our General,
saw they delayed time,
And would not ransom
the Town as they said:
With their fair Wainscots,
their Presses and Bedsteads,
Their Joynt-stools and Tables,
a fire we made;
And when the Town burnt in a flame,
With tan-ta-ra, tan-ta ar-rat:
from thence we came.

4.

Of King *Edward* the Third, and the fair Countess of *Salisbury*; setting forth her constancy and endless glory.

WHen as Edward the third did live,
the valliant King;
David of Scotland to rebel,
did then begin:
The Town of Barwick suddenly,
from us he won,
And burnt Newcastle to the ground,
thus strife begun:
To Roxbury Castle marcht then,
And by the force of warlike men,
besieg'd therein a gallant fair Lady,
While that her Husband was in France;
His Countries honour to advance,
the Noble and Famous Earl of Salisbury.

Brave Sir William Montague,
rode then in haste,
Who declared unto the King,
the Scotish-mens boast:
Who like a Lyon in a rage,
did straightway prepare,
For to deliver that fair Lady,
from woful care:

But

But when the Scotish-men did hear her say,
Edward our King was come that day:
they raised their siege and ran away with speed
So when that he did thither come;
With warlike Trumpet, Fife and Drum,
none but a gallant Lady did him meet.

Who when he did with greedy eyes
behold and see;
Her peerless beauty inthral'd
his Majesty:
And ever the longer that he lookt,
the more he might:
For in her only beauty was
his hearts delight.
And humbly then upon her knees,
She thankt his Royal Majesty,
that he had driven danger from her gate:
Lady, quoth he, stand up in peace,
Although my war doth now encrease,
Lord keep (quoth she) all hurt from your estate.

Now is the King full sad in soul,
and wots not why,
And for the love of the fair Countess
of Salisbury.
She little knowing his cause of grief,
did come to see,

Wherefore his Highness sat alone
so heavily,
I have been wrong'd, fair Dame (quoth he)
Since I came hither unto thee;
no, God forbid, my Soveraign, she said,
If I were worthy for to know,
The cause and ground of this your woe;
you should be helpt, if it did lye in me.

Swear to perform thy word to me,
thou Lady gay;
To thee the sorrows of my heart,
I will bewray:
I swear by all the Saints in Heaven,
I will (quoth she)
And let my Lord have no mistrust
at all in me.
Then take thy self aside, he said,
For why, thy beauty hath betray'd;
Wounding a King with thy bright shining eye,
If thou do then some mercy show,
Thou shalt expel a Princely woe:
so shall I live, or else in sorrow dye.

You have your wish, my Soveraign Lord,
effectually;
Take all the leave that I can give
your Majesty,

But

But on thy Beauty all my joys
have their abode;
Take thou my Beauty from my face,
my gracious Lord.
Did'ſt thou not ſwear to grant my will,
All that I may, I will fulfil:
then for my love, let my true love be ſeen,
My Lord your ſpeech I might reprove,
You cannot give to me your love,
for that belongs unto your Queen.

But I ſuppoſe your Grace did this,
only to try,
Whether a wanton Tale might tempt
Dame Salisbury.
Nor from your ſelf therefore my Liege
my ſteps do ſtray;
But from your wanton tempting Tale,
I go my way:
O turn again my Lady bright,
Come unto me my hearts delight;
gone is the comfort of my penſive heart;
Here comes the Earl of Warwick he,
The Father of this fair Lady,
my mind to him I mean for to impart.

Why is my Lord and Soveraign King,
ſo griev'd in mind?

Because that I have lost the thing
I cannot find.
What thing is that my gracious Lord
which you have lost?
It is my heart which is near dead,
betwixt fire and frost?
Curst be that fire and frost too,
That caused this your Highnes's woe:
O Warwick! thou dost wrong me very sore,
It is thy Daughter Noble Earl,
That Heaven-bright Lamp, that pærles Pearl,
which kills my heart, yet do I her adore.

If that be all (my gracious King)
that works your grief,
I will perswade the scornful Dame
to yield relief:
Never shall she my Daughter be,
if she refuse,
The Love and favour of a King,
may her excuse:
Thus wise Warwick went away,
And quite contrary he did say,
when as he did the beautious Countess meet;
Well met my Daughter (quoth he)
A message I must do to thee,
our Royal King most kindly doth thee greet.

The King will dye, lest thou to him
do grant thy love;
To love, my Husbands love
I would remove.
It is right Charity to love
my Daughter dear,
But no true love so charitable,
for to appear:
His Greatnes may bear out the shame,
But his Kingdom cannot buy out the blame,
he craves thy love, that may bereave thy life;
It is my duty to move this,
But not thy honesty to yield, I wis,
I mean to dye a true unspotted Wife.

Now hast thou spoken my Daughter dear,
as I would have;
Charity bears a Golden Name,
unto the Grave:
And when to thy wedded Lord
thou provest untrue,
Then let my bitter curses still,
thy soul pursue:
Then with a smiling chear go thou,
As right and reason doth allow, (mind
yet shew the King thou bearest no Strumpets
I go dear Father, with a trice,
And by a slight of fine device,

Ple cause the King confess that I am unkind,

Here comes the Lady of my life,
the King did say,
My Father bids me Soveraign Lord,
your will obey:
And I consent, if you will grant
one boon to me,
I grant it thee, my Lady fair,
what e're it be.
My Husband is alive you know,
First let me kill him e're I go,
and at your command I will ever be:
Thy Husband now in France doth rest,
No, no, he lies within my breast;
and being so nigh, he will my fall, wo see.

With that she started from the King,
and took her Knife,
And desperately she thought to rid,
her self of life.
The King he started from the Chair,
her hand to stay,
O noble King, you have broke your word
with me this day.
If you shall not do this deed, quoth he,
Then never I will lye with thee;
no, then live still, and let me bear the blame;

Live

Live in honour and high estate,
With thy true Lord and wedded mate,
I never will attempt this suit again.

5.

The Spanish Ladies love to an English Gentleman.

WIll you hear a Spanish Lady,
how she woo'd an English-man,
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
deckt with jewels had she on:
Of a comely countenance,
and grace was she,
And by Birth and Parentage,
of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
in his hands her life did lye:
Cupids bands did tye her faster,
by the likeing of her eye,
In his courteous company,
was all her joy;
To favour him in any thing,
she was not coy.

At the last there came commandment,
for to set the Ladies free;

With their Jewels still adorned,
none to do them injury:
Alas then said the Lady gay,
full woe is me!
O let me still sustain this kind
captivity.

Gallant Captain shew some pitty
to a Lady in distress,
Leave me not within the City
for to dye in heavinels,
Thou hast set this present day
my body free:
But my heart in prison strong,
remains with thee.

How should thou (fair Lady) love me,
whom thou know'st thy Countries Foe,
Thy fair words makes me suspect thee,
Serpents are where flowers grow:
All the evil I think to thee,
most gracious Knight;
God grant unto my self the same
may fully light.

Blessed be the time and season,
that you came on Spanish ground;
If you may our Foes be termed,
gentle

gentle foes we have you found:
With our Cities you have won,
our hearts each one;
Then to your Country bear away,
that is your own.

Rest you still (most gallant Lady)
rest you still and weep no more;
Of fair Lovers there are plenty,
Spain doth yield a wondrous store:
Spaniards fraught with jealousie,
we often find;
But English-men throughout the world
are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
you alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night,
my mind is prest,
The wife of every English-man
is counted blest.

It would be a shame, fair Lady,
for to bear a woman hence;
English Souldiers never carry
any such without offence.

I will quickly change my self,
if it be so;
And like a Page I'le follow thee,
where e're thou go.

I have neither Gold nor Silver,
to maintain thee in this case,
And to travel 'tis great charges,
as you know in every place.
My Chains and Jewels every one,
shall be thine own;
And eke five hundred pounds in Gold,
that lies unknown.

On the Seas are many dangers,
many storms doth there arise;
Which will be to Ladies dreadful,
and force tears from watry eyes:
Well in worth, I could endure
extremity;
For I could find in heart to lose
my life for thee.

Courteous Lady be contented,
here comes all that needs the strife;
I in England have already,
a sweet Woman to my wife:
I will not falsifie my vow,

for gold or gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest Dames,
that live in Spain.

O how happy is that woman
that enjoys so true a friend;
Many days of joy God send you,
and of my suit I'le make an end:
Upon my knees I pardon crave,
for this offence;
Which love and true affection,
did first commence.

Commend me to thy loving Lady,
bear to her this Chain of Gold,
And these Bracelets for a token,
grieving that I was so bold:
All my Jewels in like sort,
bear thou with thee,
For these are fitting for thy wife,
and not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defie;
In a Nunnery will I shew me,
far from other Company:
But e're my Prayers have an end,
be sure of this;

To pray for thee and for thy love,
I will not miss:

Thus farewel gentle Captain,
and farewel my hearts content,
Count not Spanish Ladies wanton,
though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity,
go still with thee;
The like fall ever to thy share,
most fair Lady.

9.

A Farewel to Love.

FArewel false Love, the Oracle of lies,
a mortal foe, an enemy to rest,
An envious Boy, from whence great cares arise,
A bastard vile, a beast with age possest:
A way for errour, a tempest full of treason,
In all respects contrary unto reason.

A poysoned Serpent cover'd all with flowers,
Mother of sighs, and Murtherers of repose;
A sea of sorrows, whence run all such showers:
As moisture gives to every grief that grows:
A school of guile, a nest of deep deceit:
A Golden hook that holds a poysoned bait:

A For-

A Foxtress field, whom reason did defend,
A Syrens song, a serbet of the mind;
A Maze wherein affections find no end,
A raining cloud, that runs before the wind:
A Substance like the shaddow of the Sun,
A Gole of grief, for which the wisest run:
A quenchless fire, a rest of trembling fear,
A path that leads to peril and mishap,
A true retread of sorrow and despair,
An idle Boy, that sleeps in pleasures lap:
A deep mistrust of that which certain seems,
A hope of that which reason doubtful deems.

Then sith thy reign my younger years betray'd,
And for my Faith, Ingratitude I find;
And such repentance hath the wrong bewray'd,
Whose crooked cause hath not been after kind:
False love go back, and beauty frail adieu,
Dead is the root from which such fancies grew.

FINIS.

The lover by his gifts thinks to conquer chastity
And with his gifts sends these verses to his lady.

What face so fair, that is not crackt with gold?
What wit so worth that hath in gold his wonder?
What learning but with golden lines doth hold?
what state so high, but gold could bring it under.

What

What thought so sweet, but Gold doth better reason,
And what rule better then the golden reason?

The ground was fat that yields the golden fruit
The study high that gets the golden state:
The labour sweet that gets the golden suit:
The reckoning rich that scorns the Golden rate:
The love is sure that golden hope doth hold,
And rich again, that serves the God of Gold.

FINIS.

The Womans Answer.

Foul is the face whose beauty gold can raft,
Worthless the wit that hath gold in her wonder;
Unlearned lines, puts gold in Honours place,
Wicked the state that will to coin come under:
Base the Conceit that seasoned is with Gold,
And Beggers rule that such a reason hold.

Earth gives the gold, but Heaven gives greater grace,
Men study wealth, but Angels wisdom raise;
Labour seeks peace, love hath an higher place,
Death makes the reckoning, life is all my race:
The hope is here, my hope of heaven doth hold,
God give me grace, let Dives dye with gold.

FINIS.